

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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HALCYON DAYS.

Opals blush in the blossoming trees,
Rare jewels shine on high;
Diamonds and pearls flash in the breeze—
The halcyon days draw nigh.

The minstrel bands are coming home
From palms and Southern sky,
Their plumage bathe in Heaven's blue
dome—
The halcyon days draw nigh.

Last night I heard the rush of wings,
Above—a gladsome cry;
The morn a glad orchestra brings
The halcyon days draw nigh.

The swallow trills beneath the eaves,
Makes circles great and high
And rears his castle 'mid the leaves—
The halcyon days draw nigh.

In the sweet dell, where fairies dream,
Where shade and shadows fly,
The black bass builds 'neath silver stream—
The halcyon days draw nigh.

O'er hill and dale the Muses sing,
The bright day floods the sky,
The gentle showers their tribute bring—
The halcyon days draw nigh.

Mystic power broods o'er fields and flowers,
'Tis blooming time of the year.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye sunshine hours—
The halcyon days are here.

Though now may crown the weary head,
Springtime is ever nigh.
A gracious hand hath ever led
To halcyon days on high.

—EDWARD HIGGINS.

BEATING THE TRINITY.

"Send Sidney Baxter in!" The chief called the order to his head clerk, who immediately hurried in to the next room and beckoned to Sidney where he sat cleaning a typewriter. The boy came out of his chair as if he had had a flash spring under him, and in a steel was standing in front of the chief's desk.

"Didn't you tell me you had a first-rate saddle mare?" the chief demanded.

"Yes, sir,"
"I have to send an important package to Weaverville and I have it delivered by messenger. Can you mare take you there?"

"Yes, sir."
The chief leaned forward. "But can she take you there in time to deliver this package before six o'clock to-night?"

"She can," Sidney answered unhesitatingly.

"Very well. Start as quick as you can. If you get the package there on time, there will be something extra for you and the mare that will please you mightily."

Sidney took the package, put it into his inside waistcoat pocket and secured it with two stout safety pins. Then, hurrying from the office, he ran up the street toward home.

From Redding to Weaverville in a straight line is thirty miles, but by way of the mountain trails it is forty, and already it was after ten o'clock. He did not worry over the time, however, for the chunky brown mare had speed, courage and staying qualities. Those powerful quarters had strength to lift him up the grades and to make good speed in doing it.

While Sidney was throwing on the saddle and adjusting the bridle, Gypsy took playful nips at his arm and made little crooning sounds as she would have done to her colt. No more perfect understanding ever existed between rider and mount. Sidney's father had given him the mare on his sixteenth birthday, two years before.

As he rode past the house, his mother, who had hailed him from the piazza as he was running to the stable, came out on the steps and handed him a package.

"Here are some sandwiches, Sidney. You may get hungry before you reach Weaverville. Be careful when you ford the Trinity."

"I'll have to be. I have too much important stuff on me to be careless. It's the check and papers to close the deal with Cooper & Hanson for the pinelands. The package has to be in Weaverville by six or the deal is off, and Doane & Co. will get the land. So I have to get there."

Gypsy went out of the driveway at a smooth, easy lope that ate up the ground like a wolf's trot. She had done barely enough of late to keep her in good trim, and now

Sidney had to hold her in. Mile after mile she reeled off at the same gait, never changing her stride or the time of her hoof beats until the ascending grade began to get steep. Then she changed to a fast walk that carried her along rapidly.

Taking advantage of every cut-off, even if it were no more than a game trail, they kept up the rapid pace until they passed over the creek at Stella, swung west through a pass and then northwest to hit the Trinity southeast of Lewiston. Sidney was taking the most direct road; rough going for those not bred to it, but he had lived all his life in the mountains, and so had the mare.

At last they sighted the tumbling, foamy water of the Trinity, and Sidney drew in his breath sharply. By the marks on the rocks and trees he knew that the water had risen far above its normal level; it was lapping against a tree that in ordinary times stood far above the current. He drew rein at the brink.

"Looks tough, Gyp. Think you can make it? By the way you work your ears and paw, you're a little leery of it yourself. Can't help it, Gyp. In you go, and for the love of alfalfa don't get your legs crossed. Steady!"

Little waves leaped and danced along the channel, and Sidney could hear the sound of grinding down below. The bottom of the channel was moving downstream, as it often did in high water, and it was complaining as it went. The mare blew strongly, with a fluttering of her nostrils, and her sides heaved with excitement. She looked up the river and down, but she did not hesitate.

Deeper and deeper she strode into the flood, and it banked against her shoulder. As she went in farther the leaned more and more against the swift current, and Sidney put his whole weight on the upriver stirrup. Always the undertone of grinding sounded in his ears, more plainly. Gypsy felt her way with careful feet, reaching out to feel the bottom before she set her hoof down.

But the rolling boulders tricked her. She felt for a step; a boulder rolled under her leg; she tried to lift her hoof clear of it, stumbled, and half reared to regain her balance. At that instant the current caught her under the shoulder, and she rolled over. It seemed an aged to Sidney before she rolled clear of him, but it was only a few seconds. The current caught him and flung him to one side so violently that he lost his hold on Gypsy's rein. His body stuck moving stones; his head was drawn to the bottom, and his legs were thrust up toward the surface. Then the water whirled him end over end, rolled him like a log, drew him in toward the shore, only to spew him out, into the centre again. At last, just as the current momentarily thrust his face above the surface, his arms caught a dropping willow branch.

He was out of the flood at last. But his feeling of thankfulness quickly vanished, for when he looked round, he saw that he was marooned on a tiny island, less than fifty feet long and not more than a foot above the water. Small willows grew thickly over its entire surface.

He saw Gypsy draw herself out of the river several hundred yards farther downstream on the side toward Weaverville and walk back opposite him. That bank was only fifty feet away, but the water between them was shoulder-deep and running like a mill-race. No man could pass that current by swimming.

Gypsy began to eat grass and leaves, but now and then she lifted her head and sent a call ringing across the narrow stream to the master she loved. As for him, he was sitting on a rock, getting his breath back after his long submerison and trying to devise some way of crossing the rest of the river. From his perch he had a good view off to the distant head of the canon; up there the clouds were still whirling and dropping their load of water.

"So that's the matter," he said to himself. "A cloudburst up above. The water will go higher

before it gets lower; pretty quick I'll be in a still worse fix."

For some time Sidney sat and studied his situation. When he rose at last, he noticed that the top of a sharp rock that, when he got out of the flood was an inch or two above the water, was now submerged. He put a small rock into the water so that one end of it was an inch above the surface and watched the water creep up and cover it. A rapid mental calculation brought him to the conclusion that at the rate at which the flood was rising it would overflow the island in less than two hours. He pulled out his watch and looked at the place where the hands had stopped when the case filled with water. According to that he had taken his plunge at just seventeen minutes past three.

He walked the length of the rocky island and back again to keep his muscles limber. Gradually the water crept higher. Round the trunks of the willows it rose, foam-flecked and muddy; and all the while the black rain clouds hovered over the head of the canon. Upstream a torrent was pouring into the Trinity. Sidney walked impatiently up and down, racking his brains for a means of escape. He restrained the thought that there was no way out, but in spite of himself he became more and more convinced that he was doomed to be swept down into the rapids that were roaring below.

When the water had left only one rock above its surface, he perched on that and looked up the river to see what might be drifting down. There was some brush that swept along, caught the bank, and then let go again; there was one dry log about fifteen feet long that rode past like a racing horse and gave Sidney a vivid idea of what would happen to him if he tried to swim.

The only sounds he heard were the rush of the water and the melancholy sighing of the wind. A feeling of dread swept over him, but he gritted his teeth and tried to calm his thoughts.

When the water had risen until it lapped against his ankles as he stood on the highest rock, he believed that his time was coming, and he prayed fervently for help.

Ten minutes later he saw, coming down the channel what he firmly believed was the answer to his prayer—a long, slim cottonwood tree, uprooted above by the storm, floating with its roots downstream and its bushy head inclining to the bank where the mare still grazed. With a shout of thankfulness, Sidney rushed into the water above the island until the current pulled at his hips. As the tree swept down upon him, he seized its roots and lifted with all his strength to get them past the centre of the island, where he could anchor them against the branches of the largest willow, now nearly submerged. Towing and lifting, slipping and struggling, he worked it across until it lodged against the green branches. Immediately the current caught the top of the cottonwood and swept it round still farther until the bushy top snapped and cracked along the brush and the rocks on the farther shore. Finally, with a bump, it lodged against an alder, and the bridge was complete.

It was a treacherous-looking path of escape. Even without the weight of his body upon it, the tree sagged under the water in the middle of the channel, and Sidney wondered whether it would sink so deep when he crawled out upon it that the water would pull him loose; but he wasted no time. Wading out into the stream until the current threatened to sweep him from his feet, he clasped the tree and began to work his way forward.

He had to wind his legs as well as his arms round the trunk to keep from being swept off, and at times the sagging of his improvised bridge let his face go under the water; but he continued to struggle along. The little limbs bothered him, and the current began to push the cottonwood downstream. Sidney could see its bushy top scraping against the alders on the shore. It moved so rapidly that he began to despair of reaching land. Time

and again he raised himself up at full arm's length to get his face above the water, although the danger of his losing his grip in that position was great.

When he was well past the middle he found that his head remained above the water; he no longer had to fight for air. It was such a relief that he stopped and hung there for a moment in order to draw several deep breaths. Then he crept onward until his shoulder hit a rock; letting his feet down, he found that he could stand upright in water only hip-deep.

Gypsy hailed him with a loud whinny and an inquisitive nose, but Sidney got his leg over the saddle as quickly as he could. He did not know how late it was, and he felt that he must hurry to get the packet delivered. He had only five miles to ride, and Gypsy, uninjured by her struggle in the water, made quick work of that.

The man at the desk in Cooper & Hanson's office stared when he saw a boy of eighteen rush in, pull off his coat and waistcoat and begin to take out safety pins from the waistcoat lining. Sidney had a soggy packet on the desk.

"What on earth is that?" the man asked.

"The check and other papers to close the deal for those pinelands for my boss, George P. Caswell of Redding."

"But how did it get so wet?"

When he heard how the packet had crossed the Trinity, the man got up out of his chair and slapped Sidney on the back.

"You forded that river after a cloudburst!" he cried. "I wouldn't do it for the best ranch in California."

"Mr. Caswell said the packet had to be delivered here before six, and there was no time to go round by way of a bridge. Am I in time?"

"You are," declared the man heartily, "with twenty-two minutes to spare. I'm going to have a good time getting the papers pulled apart without tearing them. I think we'll send Caswell word that he can give us duplicates any time in the next week, and the deal will hold. Now, you run up to my house and get into one of my suits while your clothes dry."—*Youth's Companion.*

Why "Southern" California?

Mr. T. C. Mueller, of Los Angeles, is in this part of the State for a while, and he has just sent in quite a column of news items about us. We hope he will continue to write about us and give us some of the big advertising and wide publicity that only those Los Angeles folks know how to give. (Which reminds me of the enclosed clipping from *The Forward*, which might be of interest to Mrs. Barrett, "Orange Blossom," Mr. Mueller himself, and others.)

How can I insult man who lives in Los Angeles?
Send him a pair of ear muffs.
But wouldn't that be rather crude?
Possibly. Try sending him a schedule of east-bound trains.

But why "Southern" California, we wonder, and as we sit and deeply ponder over the matter, three questions present themselves:

1. Could it be that this gentleman from the South is up here in the interests of certain measures now before the Legislature—Assembly Bills No. 1083, 1084 and 1093, and Senate Bills No. 729, 730 and 832—being sponsored by Senator Lyon and others of Los Angeles, bills which, in the guise of public welfare measures, propose to amend the State Constitution so that a municipality may acquire, by condemnation, water or power facilities already developed to the service of other municipalities or territories? We'll say here that while we have a profound respect for Los Angeles and rejoice in her growth and prosperity, we wish it distinctly understood that we do not intend to suffer the usual fate of the innocent bystander by allowing ourselves to be drawn into any of those famous controversies between the city of Los Angeles and private interests. And furthermore, we, one and all, are against those bills, for in them we cannot but see an indirect threat involving us, whereby Los Angeles is seeking to despoil our own

San Joaquin Valley as she did Owens Valley.

2. Or has he simply forgotten to locate us on the State map, just where we belong—in about the heart of California and about midway between Los Angeles and her sister city on the north, San Francisco—a position which affords us the right to be as neutral as we like in the competition and rivalry, friendly or otherwise, between these two cities, a neutrality we strive strictly to maintain?

3. Or could it be that our visitor is finding himself so much at home in these parts that he forgets that this is not Southern California? If this is the case, we appreciate the compliment very much, and only wish to call his attention to the oversight.

(No, the C. A. D. Board of Directors may rest easy, for this is no attempt on our part to emulate a certain group of Southerners down in North Carolina—but we do mind having Southern California take all the publicity that rightly belongs to Central California and our own San Joaquin Valley!)

But, all jesting aside, we really wish we had some of those Southerners and Northerners among us more often. We are right in the path of tourist travel up and down the State—why don't we take advantage of that some way? Not in the usual commercial way, but rather in an educational, as well as social, sense. For instance, many prominent deaf men and women pass this way, and we might arrange to detain some of these once in a while for lectures or talks, and thus provide opportunities for ourselves to "imbibe," for our own benefit, some of that urban culture and advancement that is continually passing through our midst, like "ships that pass in the night." For the most part, we are a rural folk, living more or less widely scattered and isolation is not a very great stimulus to the acquiring of those higher, better things of life which make life itself so much more worthwhile. Establish an organized center of some kind, yes, but where? Fresno? Or Visalia?

Frankly, I think Visalia has the advantage over my own Fresno, in the way of large territory and the greater number of potential leaders. Those church services for the deaf, that have been held in Fresno for the past year under the leadership of Mr. Sherman, are now being held in Visalia also, and since this branching out, the interest in these seems to have gained considerably, and this might later on prove to be the nucleus of the much desired "center." And then, perhaps, some day we'll be able to invite the C. A. D. itself to convene here for once in its life! There seems to be one big drawback to this however, as convention dates fall in the time of year when climatic conditions here are the least inviting.

And, by the way, among the many varied industries here in our San Joaquin Valley, there is one—or perhaps rather the beginnings of one—upon which Los Angeles may later be casting a covetous eye—the raw-silk industry. For we have a miniature silk-worm "farm" right on our back porch. Last fall, there was an exhibit of live silk-worms at one of the grammar schools here, and some of the boys bought some eggs, among them our ten-year-old Robert. These boys had been instructed to keep the eggs in cold storage until spring when the mulberry leaves would be out again, but Robert was the only one who had any success, and for the past week, he has had the proud privilege of supplying several classes with the worms. There has also been some swapping for the worms between him and his boy friends, which has included a pencil, a top, a last year's chauffeur's license and the like, necessitating parental interference, and has caused the "farm" to dwindle considerably in size, but leaving enough to give us some visions of a good crop of silk sox.

One of those boys who invested in the eggs attributes the failure of his hatch to a peculiar tragedy. He was keeping the eggs in the family refrigerator, and on one of those warm days of our early spring, he found that they had fallen into a dish of melted butter!

Sounds somehow like the makings of a butterfly, doesn't it, but it evidently didn't work.

WILDEY MEYERS.

Selma, April 2d.

SEATTLE.

At the prayer meeting held by Gallaudet Guild on April 7th, L. O. Christenson confessed that it was his steenth birthday, and treated all present to ice cream and a box of Martha Washington candies. During these prayer-meetings all have been asked at different times to write from memory the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments. Mr. Christenson came out with first honor on all three occasions, his writings from memory being almost perfect.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyle, the sister and brother-in-law of Miss Sophia Mullin, are now in San Francisco. They went there by bus, but will return in a fine new car furnished to Mr. Boyle by his gas company. They went to Frisco to get delivery of the car, and while there will spend a few days visiting Mrs. Boyle's brother and family in Berkeley. Meanwhile Sophia will take care of the flat till their return. She has proved herself a delightful and thoughtful hostess, and has had a number of successful little parties since her arrival in Seattle last fall.

Miss Doris Nation's sister being married, the little household composed of herself, her sister and their bachelor brother was broken up. The brother has gone to live at a club and Doris is boarding at St. Teresa's, a boarding house kept for working girls by nuns. Doris is well satisfied there and has a congenial room-mate who is also an Episcopalian.

Mr. Jacob Seivert spent about a week visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rogers at Ellensburg.

We are sorry to record the death of Mrs. Agnes Scott, the wife of Mr. Hans J. Scott, of Portland, at her home at 11:15 A.M., Sunday, April 10th. She was buried at 3 P.M. the following Wednesday in Mt. Scott Cemetery. She suffered for two years from cancer, and dropsy set in just before the end came to release her. She leaves a devoted and sorrowing husband, and three children now well grown. Her husband is a hearing man, a motorman by trade, and he was ceaseless in his care of his suffering wife. We knew Agnes thirty years ago, at Minnesota School, when she was known as a young woman of high character and fine application. Her maiden name was Agnes Hansen. Since her marriage she has been entirely devoted to her home, husband and children. When we think of her we have only a pleasant memory, and are reminded of Mrs. Browning's lovely poems: "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

Mrs. J. L. Martin, who was Marion Hanson, writes many entertaining letters from her California home. Recently she helped her husband in breaking a broncho. He had a man help him the first few times he tried to ride the broncho, and then Marion did the snubbing, which means guiding the broncho by means of a rope around its neck and the end wound around the horn of Marion's saddle. Then when the horse tries to buck Mr. Martin off its back, Marion pulls the horse in close and does not give it its head. In that way the broncho cannot do much. It has to be ridden everyday to get good results, and Marion feels very important to attempt such a stunt.

Mrs. Joe Kirschbaum has issued invitations to a house-warming birthday party in honor of her husband to be held at their new bungalow the afternoon of Easter Sunday. Joe has signed up with the commercial baseball league, and will play with the Crescent Company boys.

Ed Martin, who is a press-feeder by trade, has been laid off for several months this past winter, and has not yet found work. So he is using his time by building with his own hands a four-room house on his lots near Lincoln Park. Mrs. Martin and the baby are still with her parents on their Yakima ranch. When Ed has his house ready, he has a good assortment of furniture waiting to move into it.

We recently received a copy of

the Pittsburgh *Press*, containing a picture of Thomas Carroll, who won second prize for his original piano composition entitled "Fantasia No. 1." It was conducted by the Federation Music Clubs for high-school pupils under 15 years of age. Thomas is Mrs. Hanson's nephew, being the son of her youngest sister. He has always shown musical talent.

Robert Partridge, the son of Mr. and Mrs. True Partridge, is now a pupil at the Mary Mount Military School near Tacoma. It is conducted under Catholic auspices, and contains about 75 pupils. Robert went there about two weeks ago. His parents are very ambitious to lay for him a good foundation of strict training, which they believe will make for his success in life. Mr. and Mrs. Partridge together have been painting the woodwork of their kitchen, dining-room and living room, an attractive gray color, doing the work in the evenings. The Golden Rule Club met with Mrs. Partridge on the 14th, and every one had a very pleasant time, as is always the case with gatherings at the Partridge's home.

Quite a number of the deaf have been out of work lately, and by invitation Rev. Gaertner addressed the P. S. A. D., April 9th, on the labor situation in Seattle. He started by saying that Seattle as a place to work is all right, and that the deaf have no cause to complain and can readily secure work if properly qualified. He had secured thirty jobs for the deaf the past year, and considering that the deaf population of Seattle numbers, as he said, only about eighty-five, he thought this was a good showing. The unemployment is not confined to the deaf, but applies equally to the hearing.

He advised the deaf to learn trades. A man with a trade can always get work and keep it. He commended the steady worker, and mentioned one who, he said, had lost only fourteen days from work in eleven years. He scored the quitter who quits work on slight provocation. He hurts not only himself but others who would seek work. He did not favor turning the Vancouver school into a trade school, but thought it should lay the emphasis on general education.

He commended the deaf girls in the egg-candling business, who by their skill and industry have created a demand for deaf workers in that line. He deplored the tendency of married women to seek work, particularly to purchase automobiles and luxuries. It takes jobs away from others better suited to them. One of the best trades is home-keeping and home making, and he commended it to married women.

The Minnesota Labor Bureau came in for considerable criticism. Rev. Gaertner thought the office was chiefly a swivel chair job for a political favorite. He quoted from its report that the Bureau had only secured sixty jobs in two years, and thought this a very poor showing. He said emphatically that if we could not have a better one than that in Minnesota, we did not want any State labor bureau at all.

Rev. Gaertner spoke for more than an hour. After he concluded, several of the deaf told of their experience in securing work. They also thought that a labor bureau would be helpful in educating employers as to the capabilities of the deaf.

Otto Johnne is a baseball fan and came to Seattle a week ago, Saturday, to take in the opening game of the season. He also paid three dollars to the E. M. Gallaudet Memorial fund, two for himself and one for a girl in Wyoming, whom he expects soon to bring home as a bride. In addition, he has donated a statuette, which has been raffled by Oscar Sanders, and the proceeds, six dollars, to go to the Gallaudet Fund. If others would show as much interest in the fund as Mr. Johnne, our state quota would soon be reached. Thank you, Otto.

A dinner at one dollar a plate will be served at the Hanson home on April 30th, in aid of the expense fund of the Frat Delegate to Denver.

THE HANSONS.

April 15, 1927.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1927

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

"He's true to God who's true to man;

Specimen copies sent to any address

Notice concerning the whereabouts of

National Association of the Deaf

Organized, August 25, 1880.

An Organization for the Welfare of

PRESIDENT
A. L. ROBERTS

OFFICIAL

DUES PAYABLE

It was voted at the Washington

All annual members are hereby

GOAL—\$15,000

Encouraged by its success in

Come on, members. Become a

Help the Association reach the

DATE AND PLACE OF CONVENTION

The date and place of the next

Those c.ies desiring to entertain

DE L'EXER MEMORIAL STATUE COMMITTEE

Report No. 49

Reported, Dec. 14, 1926

CONTRIBUTIONS

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NEW YORK

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CALIFORNIA

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WASHINGTON

NEW JERSEY

April 9 1927. Total Fund

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,

CHICAGO.

Bump and thump of bowling,

Harrison Leiter was in the money

Although there are hundreds of

In team play, the Bank team

Some 450 silents attended the

Miss Cloa Lamson spent her short

The Chicago chapter of the Illinois

The three dozen old alumni

The Sac Bulletin for March-April

The Pas-a-Pas Club held an

The same night the Sac gave a

Mrs. George B. Morton tendered

Mrs. Wm. O'Neil recently gave

The Frederick Neesams, of Dela-

The Easter service conducted by

Alva Tillman spent Eastertide

The E. E. Carlsons drove to Gen-

The Charles Schmidts, of Aurora,

Joe Cordano of Kalamazoo,

OHIO.

News items for this column can be sent to

Easter Sunday dawned bright and

At the Ohio Home, Mr. Showalter

The Columbus Ladies' Aid

Mr. and Mrs. Brady Cook and

Mr. and Mrs. Beckert, with Mrs.

Miss Cloa Lamson spent her short

Mrs. Joseph Neutzing, of Cedar-

Miss Mabel Wheeler enjoyed the

The appointment of Mr. Frank

Mrs. George Wedderburn, who

Way to Simcoe went Miss Freda

Mrs. Charles R. Ford and young-

We were delighted to meet the

The JOURNAL seems to be gaining

Miss Elizabeth Carter, of Guelph,

The Misses Laura and Catherine

Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner, of

Glad to see our former resident,

Miss Ethel Etherington, of

Mrs. Sidney Heaslip, of Welland-

Mr. Peter McDougall, of South

Mrs. Thomas S. Williams, of

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lloyd and

Miss Jessie Marshall, of Arthur,

Miss Mary McQueen and her

Columbus, where he underwent an

Does it pay to run a candy store

Out of these profits the Boy Scouts

The children spent their pennies and

Our moderator, the Rev. A. L. Rich-

The rendering of "Softly and Tender-

Superintendent Byrne's address

He also outlined the growth of this

Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. West

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason had

Mr. William Clench, of Kings-

The Easter Sunday evening

Miss Sylvia Caswell, of Niagara

Glad were we to see Hamilton Mc-

Miss Elizabeth Carter, of Guelph,

The Misses Laura and Catherine

Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner, of

Glad to see our former resident,

Miss Ethel Etherington, of

Mrs. Sidney Heaslip, of Welland-

Mr. Peter McDougall, of South

Mrs. Thomas S. Williams, of

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lloyd and

Miss Jessie Marshall, of Arthur,

Miss Mary McQueen and her

days, in our church basement. It

"Hear Ten Thousand Harps and

The Rev. R. Pogue, of St. Enoch

Mr. W. R. Watt gave the Sunday

The male choir, consisting of Wes-

All those who rendered short ad-

Our moderator, the Rev. A. L. Rich-

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Mrs. Sidney Heaslip, of Welland-

Mr. Peter McDougall, of South

Mrs. Thomas S. Williams, of

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lloyd and

visited with relatives on Dingwall

Mr. David Bayne, as usual, came

Miss Evelyn Durant was down

Mr. Alfred Penprase came in

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Corbieri, of

Mr. John R. Newell, of Milton,

He was anxious to hand the writer,

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McKenzie

Mrs. Thomas Hazelton and chil-

On Saturday, April 16th, Mr.

John C. Zimmerman, his daughter,

Edna and Miss Irene Lavery motored

Mr. and Mrs. Robert King, of Frankford,

was up for our Conference and then

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason had

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Glad to see our former resident,

Miss Ethel Etherington, of

Mrs. Sidney Heaslip, of Welland-

faculties can converse in our lan-

Mrs. W. A. Beard, of Beeton, and

Miss Rona Manle, of Hamilton,

Mr. Melville Rourke was down

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sutherland,

W. J. Batstone was another from

Others whom we came across at

the conference were Lloyd Thornton,

of Vineland, Raymond Ford,

of Humber Bay, and all the Deaf

Long Branch and Birch Cliffe.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

"E. M. G." Memorial.

PENNSYLVANIA

Previously reported \$691 87

Thru Mr. Vincent Dunn

Miss Margaret Wagner (Second)

Mr. Ralph Fryer

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bloedel

Mr. J. L. Friend

Thru Mr. G. F. Grimm

Mr. Grimm

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sawhill

Mr. George McConnell

Mr. George C. Korn

Total to date

G. M. TREGARDEN,

State Agent, E. M. G. M. F.

NEW YORK QUOTA

Note:—Prior to the opening of the

sent drive, members of the Metropolitan

Chapter had contributed \$400 to the

Memorial Fund.

BULLETIN No. 15.

Previously reported \$489 94

Through Mr. Arne Olsen

The Margat Club

Mr. E. Nelson, Brooklyn

PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to James Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Easter Day was, as usual the banner day of the year at All Souls' Church for the Deaf, in point of attendance and the character of the service. The total attendance throughout the day was a little in excess of 200 by actual count. Among the number was the usual quota of visiting deaf from distant places. The pastor, Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, divided his time between hearing and deaf congregations on this great feast day. He assisted in administering Holy Communion at the Church of the Resurrection (near by) at three services in succession 6:00 A.M. and 7:30 A.M. and 10:30 A.M.; held a public baptism of infants at All Souls' from 1:00 to 2:30 P.M., conducted the regular service at All Souls' Church with a celebration of the Holy Communion and a sermon on the significance of the day.

At this service, Rev. Mr. Smaltz began the innovation of combining with the Easter service "a memorial of departed saints," of both deaf and hearing friends or relatives of the deaf, who were represented by floral memorials and announced by name by the pastor. A long list of names was read, followed by a prayer. It is Rev. Mr. Smaltz's intention to continue this practice in the future. The practice is not only a beautiful one, but it also has the effect of enhancing the memorial idea at a time when the attendance at church is greatest. And, needless to say, another result is the securing at less expense of a larger and better floral display on this great church day, as was witnessed. The following baptisms were made by the pastor prior to the main service:—

William Albert McIntyre, Jr., son of W. A. and Edna Bensole (Purvis) McIntyre, of Wildwood, N. J.

Ruby Highe Long, daughter of Lewis W. F. and Edna Coleman (Snell) Long, of Philadelphia.

Edward Carter, Jr., and Thaddeus Teddy Carter, sons of Mr. Edward and Laura Elizabeth Isabella Carter, of Chester, Pa.

Joseph Price Gaerthe, son of Thomas C. and Mary E. (Price) Gaerthe, of Lansdale, Pa.

The sponsors at the baptisms were all hearing people, except in the case of Baby Gaerthe, whose god-parents were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fowler.

The offerings on Easter were large as they usually are at this service and as previously announced will be added to the Coal Fund which now amounts in over \$500.00.

Rev. Mr. Smaltz's record for this Easter Day is communicating over 650 people including both deaf and hearing, which is something to be proud of and we congratulate him upon it.

Appreciating that a large number of persons attending the Easter service at All Souls' would find it inconvenient or impossible to get home in time for supper, the ladies of the church provided a cafeteria supper at a popular price and in this way nearly fifty dollars were added to the Coal Fund.

The Parish House was allowed to remain open in the evening for those who desired social fellowship and it was about 10:30 P.M. when the last person departed.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Yaffey are to be congratulated upon the arrival of a babygirl on April 12th.

A party of Trenton, N. J., deaf folks, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bennesson, Mrs. Josephine Stephenson and Mr. Sam Gaston, motored to Philadelphia on Saturday afternoon and took in the entertainment at All Souls' Parish House. They returned home the same evening.

Daylight time is with us again. It began early on Sunday morning, 24th, and is to stay till the last Sunday in September, whether you like it or not.

Miss Elizabeth H. Rigg, accompanied by a young hearing friend, Miss Reed, spent Easter Day visiting friends in Philadelphia. They stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Reider.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Otto, of Altoona, Pa., were Easter visitors here, stopping with the Warrington family. Mr. Otto had to return home last Friday and his wife left for home today, Sunday.

The Hebrew deaf had no meeting last Sunday, 17th. They were invited in a body to Seder services and then a dinner at Caterer Mayer's establishment, 1620 N. Broad Street.

There will be a Vaudeville Entertainment by the Delta Chapter, Kappa Gamma Fraternity of Gallaudet College, on the evening of April 30th, in All Souls' Parish House, at about 8:00 P.M. Proceeds will be for the Home at Torresdale. You and your friends are respectfully urged to attend. Admission is only 35 cents.

President Snielau, who has removed to Ohio, expects to attend both the meeting of the Board and the entertainment. His presence

will be in the nature of a farewell visit. Every effort will be made to make the occasion an interesting one. It is suggested that you earnestly endeavor to be present.

THE KENTUCKY HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF.

The deaf of Kentucky, at their last Reunion, held at Danville, September 2d to 4th, 1926, decided to begin the collection of a fund to establish a Home for the deaf of the State, who by reason of sickness or old age are unable to earn a living for themselves, and have no one to whom they can turn for help. Thanks to the training received in their schools, the deaf can and do make their own way in life as long as health and strength are theirs. But strength fails with the coming of old age, and sometimes sickness renders people helpless. If they have no money saved or have no one to help them, their lot is a sad one. Loneliness, neglect, and misery are their portion.

The plan of the Kentucky Association of the Deaf is to raise enough money to establish a Home for these people, where they will be surrounded by those who understand and sympathize with them, and where they will be kindly cared for in their old age.

It may take a long time to raise the money, and hard work and self-denial will be required, but if the deaf will have patience and courage, and will work together loyally, the Home will come, sooner or later.

The deaf of several States have already established and are supporting such homes. There is one in New York, one in Pennsylvania, one in Ohio and one in Illinois, all of which have proved a blessing to the old people sheltered in them. The deaf of Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota and perhaps of other States, are raising money for the same purpose. It is a work worthy of the best efforts of the deaf of Kentucky, and now that a start has been made, it is up to them to work loyally and give generously until success is obtained.

The drive for funds will begin April 11th. There is inspiration in the date, for it marks the 104th birthday of the Kentucky School for the Deaf. It was a red-letter day for the deaf of this State when the school opened its doors and the blessed opportunity to obtain an education was first offered to them. Let us celebrate it worthily by starting a good work in our turn—"freely ye have received, freely give."

Every deaf person who ever attended the Kentucky School for the Deaf is invited to send a contribution to the fund for the proposed Home. Send the money on or before April 11th. Give as much as you can afford, and work to induce others to give also. Do not be one of the knockers who stand around saying "It can't be done"—that is what the faint-hearted have been saying since the time of Adam. Boost, and boost hard.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mueller are in charge of the drive in Louisville and vicinity; Mr. Edgar McVay Hay, of Covington, Cincinnati and the cities near by on the Kentucky side of the Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Broadhead, of Lexington and the surrounding blue-grass counties, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Renaker, of Cynthiana, of the section between the blue-grass region and Covington; Mr. and Mrs. George Barron, of Akron, have been asked to lead the drive among the members of the Kentucky colony at Akron, Ohio. The scattered cases will be reached by circulars and letters from headquarters in Danville.

The deaf who live near one of the workers named above can hand their contributions to the agent. Or, if it is more convenient, the money may be sent direct to G. M. McClure, Acting Treasurer, 304 South Fourth Street. Mark the contribution "For the Home Fund." All contributions will be acknowledged in *The Kentucky Standard*.

To prevent misunderstandings, we will state that the Kentucky School for the Deaf is in no way connected with this drive. It is the Alumni Association of the School that is sponsoring the collection of the Fund.

Money talks; let yours talk for you. THE KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

Danville, Kentucky.

WHEELING, W. VA.

One of the most beautiful Easter days in years was observed appropriately last Sunday, April 17th. A sun that shone throughout the day and balmy Summer breezes encouraged nature to prove that Spring had fully awakened, and trees, flowers and shrubs united in giving tribute to the symbolism of Easter—death and resurrection. In St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church, where were lavishly displayed calla lilies and other blossoms and greenery that sent out their fragrance, a beautiful solemn service was conducted by John C. Bremer in the afternoon for St. Elizabeth's Deaf-Mute Mission. There was a large congregation present. The service was shortened for the annual Sunday School Children's Festival.

J. C. B.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Schwartzman, of Montreal, gave a party in honor of their son, Davies' third birthday on Saturday, April 23d. Many relatives and friends were present and their son received many gifts.

Gallaudet College

April 10th, the Speech-Reading Club gave in Chapel Hall a playlet that was in very respect interesting and amusing—to those who could read lips, of course. The title of the play was "Aunt Virginia's Ear-Trumpet" with Ida Hanson, '29, in the stellar role. Aunt Virginia, pretending to be able to hear only with the aid of her trumpet, overhears all slighting remarks made about her age and deafness by her niece and her daughter, and makes a nephew, who is really fond of her, her sole beneficiary in her will.

SPRING VACATION

Wednesday, April 13th, was a day of teeming activity and poorly attended classes, for on this day the Kendall Greeners were to depart to the four winds for their vacation.

The majority of the students went camping, the men at Great Falls, Va., and the co-eds at the Y. W. C. A. Camp Kahler on the shores of Chesapeake Bay. A party, comprised of LeRoy Ridings, Louis Byouk, Otto Reins, Tommy Petersen, all Sophomores, Birney Wright, '27, and Charles McBride, '30, motored to Harper's Ferry in an Oldsmobile totting car belonging to the first three mentioned. They report a marvellous week at the scene of John Brown's depredations, of which jaunt there will appear in the May issue of the *Buff and Blue* an account by Thomas A. Petersen. Norman G. Scarvie, '27, and David Peikoff, '29, and two Preps, Don Diego and Coene, took a jaunt up North to New Jersey mainly to visit the finely equipped printery at the New Jersey School which has made the publication of the *Silent Worker* possible.

Aside from a general shattering of the motor by a broken crank-shaft, the New Jersey trip was a success. Early Wednesday morning, the campers got rid of the "subtle glue between their eyelids," and sleepily divested their beds of blankets and rolled them up (the blankets, not the beds) into huge bundles and shoved them through the windows to the road way below.

For some reason or other, the truck, which was transport the colossal impedimenta consisting of "everything from sardines to vanilla," to quote a modern lamenting Jeremiah, from Kendall Green to Rosslyn, Va., did not show up at seven o'clock as was arranged but arrived at about ten o'clock. "Tis a pity, indeed, that the dozen or so fellows who cut classes that morning to help load the truck and accompany it to Rosslyn should have to wait around with nothing to do, while ciphers were marked up on their recitation records. Nevertheless, when the truck finally rolled in, the goods were quickly piled up a mile high on the truck and, with the intrepid dozen comprising the advance guard, perched atop of this moving mountain, lumbered off. At Rosslyn, Va., the outfit was transferred to a freight trolley while the advance guard rode in state in an interurban trolley, passengers being not permitted on freight trolleys.

As it was, by edict of the Weather Bureau of Dame Nature, unpropitiously drizzling when the Kendall Greeners arrived at the scene of operations, the first maneuver executed was to pitch the tents with all expediency possible, much too hurriedly because, as soon as the first breeze came up, most of the huge canvas tents collapsed. By the time the tents were made secure, the main body of campers had already arrived and had things humming in no time at all, despite the fact that they had to haul their things up a 45-degree slant two hundred feet long to the camp site. Long before it got dark, delicious aromas de steak, potatoes, and other epicurean victuals were wafted about by the fitful breezes coming up from the Southwest. Needless to say, their appetites whetted by the day's arduous labors, the campers wolfed down their grub and clamored for more.

The four days of camp came and went with astonishing rapidity, yet upon retrospect they were surely packed to their utmost capacity with events, forlorn and amusing, routine and ridiculous, all-absorbing and detestable. A marked feature of the week's stay at Great Falls was the profound impression it made on the Preps. They were rarely found at camp save at meal-times; they were sure to be bounding from crag to crag like Rocky Mountain goats, stopping only to take in the wonders of God's works; they would sit, gazing in rapt admiration at the onrushing torrent swirling wickedly under them. The upper classrooms having passed through that stage were content to go hiking, canoeing, swimming and fishing.

Speaking of fishing, wherever one went, he was sure to find a Gallaudetian sitting on a bank with his eyes riveted to his bob, floating about in the water and hoping with all his heart for at least a nibble. Ye scribe swears it isn't a fish story when he claims that there were many more fish caught this year, than last year. Rarely was there a day in which not a fish was brought back to camp.

During the day brawn was in complete possession of the student body, but at night gray matter had its inning in the way of fiercely contested card games at the station and yarns told in the light of the cheery campfire.

Monday was indigo blue, for the Kendall Greeners had to break up camp, which was accomplished in time for the students to catch the 8:45 train back to Washington, D. C.

As for the girls at Camp Kahler, they say they had a positively wonderful, supreme, rapturous and all kinds of superlative adjectives describing the time they had at camp. They went rowing, hiking, gossiped, screamed for dear life at the sight of little garter snakes, picked flowers and such. They had a two-story house all to themselves with regular beds for each. A fully-equipped kitchen must have been included in that paradise or the poor little co-eds would be totally lost without it.

Upon our return to Kendall Green from camp, we found to our surprise that that there was a scheduled game to be played the next day, Tuesday, April 19th. As we feared, the Kendall Greeners went out on the diamond, an utterly unprepared and out-of-practice aggregation, which easily went down in defeat at the hands of the smooth-working Lafayette nine, comprised of veritable bimbos and Bucky Harrises.

This 10-5 triumph was the fourth Lafayette garnered in this district on their road-tour, the three victories previously won being those with St. John's, of Annapolis, Maryland University and Georgetown University.

The Pennsylvanians started off with a rush, getting three runs off Hokanson in the first inning on as many hits. Capt. Grube clouted out a homer with Bell on first base, registering two runs, while Sarni's single brought Thompson in from second base. The third inning was also disastrous for Gallaudet, five runs being scored by virtue of five hits by Lafayette. The fifth inning was Gallaudet's, the Kendall Greeners making five successive hits for four runs.

The game was ended after the eighth inning to allow the Lafayette men catch a train.

GALLAUDET	AB	H	O	A
Dyer, s.s.	3	0	2	1
Krug, 1b.	4	1	3	0
Scarvie, 1f.	3	1	5	0
Hokan'h, p. r.f.	4	2	0	1
Wright, c.f.	4	0	0	0
Rose, c.	4	0	10	0
Roberts, r.f., p.	4	2	1	1
Zieski, 3b.	4	2	1	1
Cosgrove, 2b.	3	0	2	1
Total	33	8	24	7
LAFAYETTE	AB	H	O	A
Koch, s.s.	6	2	2	2
Bell, 1b.	6	2	10	0
Grube, c.	5	2	7	1
Thompson, c.f.	6	1	3	0
Kirkleski, 2b.	3	0	1	1
Sarni, 1f.	4	2	0	0
O'Reilly, 3b.	5	2	1	5
McGarvey, r.f.	3	0	0	0
Purcell, r.f.	2	1	0	0
Hibbard, p.	3	1	0	3
Total	42	13	24	12

Runs—Krug 2, Scarvie, Roberts, Zieski, Bell 2, Grube, Thompson 2, Kirkleski, Sarni, O'Reilly, Purcell, Hibbard. Errors—Dyer, Hokanson, Roberts, Zieski, Cosgrove, Grube 2, Thompson, Sarni, O'Reilly. Two-base hits—Rose, Bell, O'Reilly. Home runs—Grube, Purcell. Slolen bases—Bell, Grube, Roberts. Left on bases—Gallaudet, 6; Lafayette, 9. First base on balls—Off Hokanson, 3; off Roberts, 5; off Hibbard, 2. Hits—Off Hokanson, 8 in 3 innings; off Roberts, 5 in 5 innings. Hit by pitched ball—By Roberts, (Grube); by Hibbard, (King). Struck out—By Hokanson, 3; by Roberts, 5; by Hibbard, 8. Passed balls—Rose. Losing pitcher—Hokanson.

The students were very much interested in Luigi Zanda's account of the remarkable Socialist school she is running at Pine Mountain, Kentucky. This school is entirely self-supporting, the food and raiment provided for the students being made by themselves. Uncle William Creek, a pioneer mountaineer, started out with 200 acres bought on the instalment plan and finished with 200 acres, having given away nearly 2000 acres to his nine children. When Miss Luigi Zanda broached the subject of education to Uncle William, he accepted it with all enthusiasm, fully realizing the sad educational plight his children and neighbors were in, and readily gave his remaining 200 acres to that school. Starting out with 45 cents, Zanda started that school with hard-working pupils boarding and tilling their way through school.

Now her school is flourishing with the result that Miss Zanda wore on the rostrum of Gallaudet College a dress made by the girls of her school from raw material grown on their school fields.

In a return game on Camp Meade's diamond, the Kendall Green nine met with another reverse at the hands of the husky Tank Corps, to the score of 6 to 1. The home team had little or no trouble at all with the Kendall Greeners. Camp Meade made two runs in the second as a result of consistent hitting and an error on the fielder's part.

Gallaudet was able to secure only one run in the second, when Zieske, being hit by the pitcher and stealing second base, came in on Lau's bingle into center. In the fifth, Camp Meade romped around the bases for three runs, which, with a run made in the third frame, completed the 6-1 victory.

H. T. H.

BALTIMORE

It's over and you missed something if you did not attend the Thirteenth Anniversary Social of Baltimore Division No 47 last Saturday. The affair was successfully engineered by Bro. Foxwell and his aides, Bros. Feast and Fielder. The attendance numbered well over one hundred eighty, and was honored by the presence of Mr. Ignatius Bjorlee and a large influx of frats and friends from Frederick, Washington, D. C., Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania and New York. To the writer's knowledge, it was one of the most successful and largest attended affairs of the deaf in this city for a good many years.

The social was opened with a few remarks of welcome by President Sandbeck, followed by an interesting program.

Mrs. August Wriede rendered "The Star Spangled Banner" in graceful and forceful signs.

The history of Baltimore Div. No. 47 was outlined by Mr. Orlando Price, one of the charter members. Miss Ruth Leitch, of Washington, D.C., gave a clever impersonation of Little Orphant Annie.

Near the speakers' stand was a table graced with a large cake decorated with thirteen candles, made and presented by Mrs. Feast. Gee, my mouth watered for a chunk of that cake, but alas! the cake was later presented to Mr. Bjorlee.

Sandwiches and cake were served, followed by a drawing for cash prizes.

The five-dollar prize went to Mr. William Smith, the three-dollar prize to Mr. Lewis and the two-dollar prize to a hearing person.

Now that all has been said and done, I doff my hat to Bro. Foxwell and the committee.

Before a fair-sized crowd of deaf at the Baptist Church last Wednesday, Rev. Bryant, of Washington depicted many humorous and interesting chapters of his boyhood days in a lecture, entitled "Believe it or not."

Mr. William Duvall, Jr., is now working in the printing department of the B. and O. R. R. Co., after selling out his partnership in the printing business to Mr. James Foxwell. Mr. Duvall is not working in Washington, as was rumored. Last Monday the writer and Mr. Rozelle McCall went on an early morning fishing trip in Middle river, a branch of the Patapsco, near Baltimore, and brought home four big species of the perch family.

The Misses Ellen Peake and Marie Dietz spent the week-end at Great Falls, near Washington, D. C., mingling with friends at the Gallaudet brush camp.

Mr. Byrd Brushwood, of Aberdeen, surprised his friends at church last Sunday by driving up with his family in a new Star Six.

After spending a few days in Washington, Mr. Joseph Rosebloom, of Richmond, Va., came to Baltimore last Saturday to attend the Frat Social.

In his address, at the Frat Social last Saturday Mr. Bjorlee besides speaking of insurance and fraternity, announced that Governor Ritchie and the Maryland Legislature had acted favorably on the seventy-thousand dollar appropriation recommended for a new school building at the Maryland School for Deaf in Frederick. The architect has practically completed the plans which call for a new building measuring 125 feet long, 50 feet wide and 48 feet above grade, and will conform in position to the newly erected trades building.

The new school building will probably be completed before Christmas. It will have a large assembly room, school rooms, and will also accommodate the domestic science, sewing, cooking and ring weaving classes.

The passing of the bill was largely due to the persistent efforts of Mr. Bjorlee. Maryland is certainly fortunate in having Mr. Bjorlee at the head of the Maryland School.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Scudder, of Wilmington, Del., were in Baltimore for a week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Krastel.

Last Saturday Miss Coffey, a deaf sister, of Mr. W. Coffey, was married to Mr. Cyrie Collier.

On April 30, a moving picture entertainment will be held at the Silent Oriole club. Mr. Roland Stultz informed the writer that the pictures of the alumni, and rooters' trip to Frederick will be shown, also a good comedy and Pathe News.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowdle, of Wilmington, Del., were week end visitors in Baltimore and incidentally attended the Easter Services at the M. E. Church, of which Rev. Daniel E. Moylan is pastor.

While the repair work was going on at the Overlea School after the fire, Miss Heusen and Miss Mason, two young teachers of the school, spent most of their time with friends in this city. From them, we learned that the Overlea School re-opens this week.

Mr. Stanley Taranski, formerly of this city, who is now working in New York City, was among his friends in Baltimore for a few days last week.

THE WRIEDES.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

It the spacious assembly room of the National Board Y. W. C. A. headquarters at Fifty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, there was gathered on last Saturday evening, the 23d, about a hundred people. There were young men and women, and others more advanced in years, but all were well dressed, prosperous looking and with intelligent faces attesting an ability to hold their own. Any outsider would concede the assemblage a credit to any community.

It was the third annual banquet of the Fanwood Alumni Association in commemoration of the 110th anniversary of the founding of the Fanwood School. The seating arrangements were excellent and the tables all had sprays of spring flowers and soft lights. The menu was as follows:

Fruit cup	Jelly
Baked Veal Cutlet	
Candied Sweet Potatoes	Butter
Asparagus Salad	
Ice cream en Puff Cases	
Demi-Tasse	

'Then came the "flow of soul." W. H. Rose was toastmaster, and introduced Dr. Fox, the president, who made the address of the evening. Then followed impromptu speeches reminiscent of their class days by Rev. J. K. Kent and Mr. Kerwin, the baby graduate of 1927. Mr. W. G. Jones spoke a bit, as did Miss Myra Barrager, Messrs. W. Renner, Sylvester Fogarty, A. L. Thomas and H. Bettels. Despite his protests, Edwin A. Hodgson, who is an honorary member, was not allowed to enjoy his Havana in peace and listen to "the boys" talk, and had to give a reminiscence or two.

An very interesting incident related by Arthur Lincoln Thomas was the feat of the boat club of his days when they started at daybreak, and rowed completely around Manhattan Island. A notable out-of-town visitor was Mrs. Coleman, who was in town from Washington, D. C., and had seldom been to Fanwood since she graduated nearly forty years ago. At school she was Georgie Decker, and famed for her sign elocution, and the meeting was treated to a recitation of "Yankee Doodle." The committee wanted everyone to have a good time, so had hired a magician to keep them entertained, which he did. All in all, it was a very pleasant evening for those who came, and credit should be given to Mrs. E. Rapoport and Messrs. A. McL. Baxter and Sylvester Fogarty, who had charge of the affair.

The officers of the Association are: Dr. Thomas F. Fox, President; William W. Thomas, Vice-President; Mrs. Charles Thompson, Secretary; Miss Myra L. Barrager, Treasurer; A. McL. Baxter, Charles Wiemuth and M. Lubin, Executive Committee.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League, whose rooms are at 143 West 125th Street, until a few years ago used to hold parties in their rooms, but the attendance grew to such an enormous size, that it was decided to discontinue these parties, but recently the younger element clamored for more public festivities, and with the advent of the present regime, which took office last January, the new President, Marcus L. Kenner, decided to go ahead and again enter the field as entertainers, and instructed the Entertainment Committee, to hustle and do something. The result is the Spring Costume Carnival to be held at the Yorkville Casino, on Saturday evening, May 14th, 1927.

Chairman Barr is a hustler of the right sort, and has added Messrs. Louis Uhlberg and Paul Murtagh to his committee, as he found the task of managing the affair which he planned is no one-man's work. Mr. Barr and his father conduct a movie theatre in Brooklyn, and during the past several weeks has divided his time performing his duties at the theatre and planning a grand time for those who will attend on May 14th.

Mr. Barr is being encouraged by the entire membership of the League, and the biggest attendance of any affair given under its auspices is expected. He wants all to understand that the Yorkville Casino has a capacity of over 1,000, hence there will be no crowding, also that those who care (the more the merrier) can come in fancy costume, but under no circumstance will masks be permitted.

Cash prizes will be awarded for the most original and novel costumes. There is ample time for those anticipating to come in costume to get out their old history, study the way the ancients used to dress, and then go them one better by getting up something never heard of or even imagined of.

Morris Plapinger, one of the three Plapinger brothers, who all were educated at the Fanwood School, died on Tuesday, after undergoing an operation. He leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss, besides numerous relatives.

On April 16th, Walter Miller, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller, who by the way is quite an endurance runner, having the past few years taken part in Marathon runs, went to Boston, Mass., and on Tuesday, April 19th, was among the starters in the Marathon run of the Boston Athletic Association. The race was won by Clarence H. De Mar, who is said to be 40 years old. Better luck next time, Walter.

The last call is sounded for the Mardi Gras to be held this Saturday, April 30th.

Come dressed up if you wish, but remember, no masks will be worn. Anyone in costume is eligible to compete for the crown and robes of the King and Queen. A cash prize will be awarded to the man or woman most perfectly impersonating any movie actor or actress, in dress and mannerisms.

The place is Audubon Hall; 166th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. Entrance on St. Nicholas Avenue.

A surprise birthday party was given to Miss Teuber at her home on Saturday evening, April 8th. Miss Clementine Teuber received many fine gifts from Jersey City, New York and Brooklyn friends.

Fine refreshments were served by Miss Teuber's mother, and a large home-made birthday cake by Miss Teuber.

The party was directed by her mother and Walter Weinstein. Those present were Misses Ellen McKeon, Agnes Reilly, Ida Keator, Gladys Weinstein, Alice Carroll, Grace Rae, Messrs. Clarence Peterson, Walter Weinstein, Frank Rims, Chas. Ferry, Oscar Rehling, Roy Cheney, of Toronto, Canada, Hal Moyné, of Clark, Mass., and a neighbor of Miss Meuber.

Miss Sylvia Stoll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stoll, formerly with "Rose Marie" and "No, No, Nanette," is now with the Psychonaturalistic School in Brooklyn. She conducts classes in dancing, teaches acrobatic, and prepares aspirants for the stage, the ballet, and also instructs the beginners in toe dancing, character, eccentric pantomime acting.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Schwartz are spending the Easter holidays at Norfolk, Virginia. Before returning on April 30th, they will visit Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Richmond.

A LEGAL OPINION

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Will you please insert in your paper the following news item, "extracted from the *Lackawanna Motorist* under the head of "Interesting Legal Opinions," which, I believe, will be an added aid to "The Briefs" that helped to win 'or the deaf autoist the right to use his car on the Pennsylvania highways:—

"A citizen's right upon a public highway does not depend upon his ability to hear, as long as he makes proper use of his sight." So declared the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania recently, in holding that where a man was employed as a flagman to warn vehicle drivers approaching a portion of the street that was closed off, and defendant ran his automobile into the flagman in broad daylight, although the former saw him and warned him to stop, the fact that the flagman was deaf would not constitute him of contributory negligence so as to deprive him of the right to recover for injuries. The Court further said: "There is no evidence that plaintiff's defective hearing was in any sense responsible for the accident, and the fact that one suffers from such an impairment does not in itself make it negligence for him to be on the public street." In this case is *McCann vs. Sandowski*, 62 March Term 1926, not yet officially reported."

I believe this extract will do the State Bureaus of Labor for the Deaf a woman's service. Pennsylvania will have a similar bureau in the near future.

Very truly yours,
CHAS. L. CLARK.

DR. HARRIS TAYLOR.

Dr. Harris Taylor, Superintendent of the Lexington Avenue School for the Deaf, New York, spent several days with us last week. Dr. Taylor was principal of this school from 1906 to 1909. Many of the officers who served with him are still here, and they gave him a warm welcome.

Dr. Taylor is one of the outstanding figures in the profession to-day. He is a tireless student who has used common sense in analyzing the problems arising in the education of the deaf child, and has done much to advance the standard in this special field. He has for two or three years past been much interested in a new phase of the work—"sight reading," which he thinks will solve the problem of better English for the deaf. While here he gave a helpful and inspiring address to our teachers one afternoon, explaining what the method is and how to use it.

Dr. Taylor has been working very hard, perhaps too hard, of late, so his Board has given him a vacation, which he is spending among old friends in the South, for he is a

MAY-TIME DANCE

given by the
**NEWARK SCHOOL OF THE DEAF
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.**

Saturday, May 7, 1927

8:00 P.M.

at the

BRUCE ST. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Admission - - - 50c

BAZAAR and FAIR

Jersey City Division No. 91
N. F. S. D.

AT

HEYER'S HALL

Take Bergen Ave. car to Fairmount
Ave., Jersey City

Saturday, April 30, 1927

Strawberry Festival

Auspices of

Bronx Division No. 92

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

CONVENTION FUND

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1927

AT

PARK & TILFORD BUILDING

310 Lenox Ave. near 125 St.
New York City

TICKET - 50 Cents

Refreshments

SECOND ANNUAL

MARDI GRAS

Auspices of

THE V. B. G. A.

To be held on

Saturday Evening, April 30, 1927

AT

AUDUBON HALL

Bet. 165 and 166 Streets. Entrance
on St. Nicholas Ave.

Two Blocks from 168th Street
Broadway Subway.

Admission - - One dollar

Cash Prize for the Best Impersona-
tion of a Movie Star.

BONDS

The following corporations are outstand-
ingly the greatest in varied industries in
point of rendering public service or manu-
facturing essential staples. They have
shown consistent and remarkable growth in
expansion.
Information gladly furnished on their re-
cords of earnings.

Pacific Mills	5½% due 1931	95
Chile Copper Co.	5% due 1966	96¾
Solvay-American Inv. Corp.	5% due 1942	99¾
General Motors Acceptance Corp.	6% due 1937	100
Associated Gas & Electric Co.	5½% due 1977	95¾
Missouri Pacific Railroad Co.	5% due 1977	100

(PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGES)

Bonds in \$500 and \$1000 denominations.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds

18 West 107th Street
New York City

Correspondent of

LEE HIGGINSON & COMPANY

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write B. FRIEDWALD, Secretary, 43 Parkville Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Vasa Castle Hall, 140th Street and Walton Avenue, every first Monday of the month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.
Room 403-117 West 46th St., New York

OBJECTS:-To unite all deaf people of the Jewish faith to promote their religious, social and intellectual advancement and to give aid in time of need. Meets on third Sunday of each month. Room open Wednesday and Friday nights, and Sunday, all day. Sol Garson, President; Alired Ederheimer, Secretary, 117 West 46th St., New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.,
143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Marcus L. Kenner, President; Anthony Capelle, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Evangelical Association of the Deaf

A UNION CHURCH FOR ALL THE DEAF.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister. Prof. J. A. Kennedy, Assistant.
Service and Sermon every Sunday 3 P.M. Congregational Church at 545 S. Hope St. Fellowship meeting every Wednesday 8 P.M. Y. M. C. A. Building, 715 S. Hope St. A hearty welcome to all the deaf

Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf.

2254 Vermont Ave., Cor of Michigan.
Open Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays. Michigan Cars pass the doors. Membership open to Frats only. Visitors always welcome.
Headquarters for Frats stopping in the city on the way to Denver.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED 1882
INCORPORATED 1891

Room 307-8, 81 W. VAN BUREN STREET,
CHICAGO

Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club.
Stated Meetings First Saturdays
Chester C. Codman, President
Frank A. Johnson, acting President
Mrs. Wm. McGann, Secretary
816 Edgecomb Place

Literary Circle Fourth Saturdays

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions
Second and Third Saturdays

Address all communications in care of the Club. Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Albert Kroekel (deaf-mute)
703 Campe St., Egg Harbor City, N. J.

Maker of Flower Badges, Hanging Baskets, Fancy Centerpieces in All Colors and Picture Frames, Scroll Sawing, Fine Work, Reasonable Prices.
Call and See or Order by mail.

Come and enjoy yourself!

Don't miss it.

Package Party

under the auspices of

The LUTHERAN GUILD

to be held on

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 30, 1927

8:00 P.M.

at

St. Mark's Parish House

Bushwick cor. Jefferson Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

One block from Myrtle and B'dway station

Admission - - - 25c

More particulars later

C. PETERSON, Chairman

RESERVED

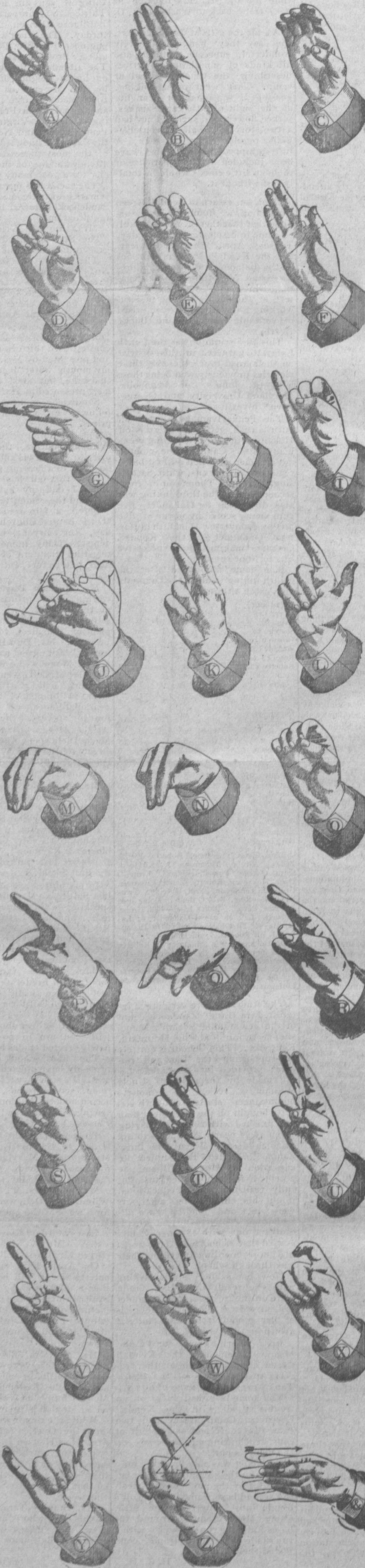
November 19, 1927

MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87

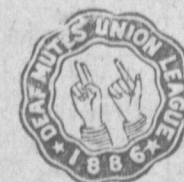
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(Particulars later)

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



SPRING COSTUME CARNIVAL



DEAF - MUTES' UNION LEAGUE, Inc.

AT

YORKVILLE CASINO

210 East 86th Street

(Capacity over 1,000)

Cash prizes will be awarded for the most original and novel costumes.

Saturday Evening, May 14, 1927

Admission (including wardrobe) **\$1.00**

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

Abraham Barr, Chairman

Joseph Abramowitz
Benj. Shafraneck

Louis Uhlberg
Paul Murtagh

F A I R

in aid of the
Social and Relief Work

of

St. Mark's Society of the Deaf

(Brooklyn Guild)

at

St. Mark's Parish House

230 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

April 21, 22, 23, 1927

Punch and Judy Show

Supper 6 to 8 P.M.

Come and Help a Good Cause

Emma Schnakenberg, Chairman

2822 Ford Street, Sheepshead Bay

FIELD DAY

Fanwood Athletic Association

May 30th, 1927

PARTICULARS LATER

BIG SURPRISE COMING!

BRONX DIVISION No. 92

N. F. S. D.

Saturday, July 23, 1927

(Particulars later.)